The Bystander, August 23, 1916.—No. 664. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

RÉNÉE AMONG THE ROSES

If only I'd leisure and plenty of time,
I'd love to write Rénée a readable rhyme;
In her Rose-Rambler frame she looks perfectly sweet,
—Oh! if *I* were the Rambler she's gone there to meet!

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

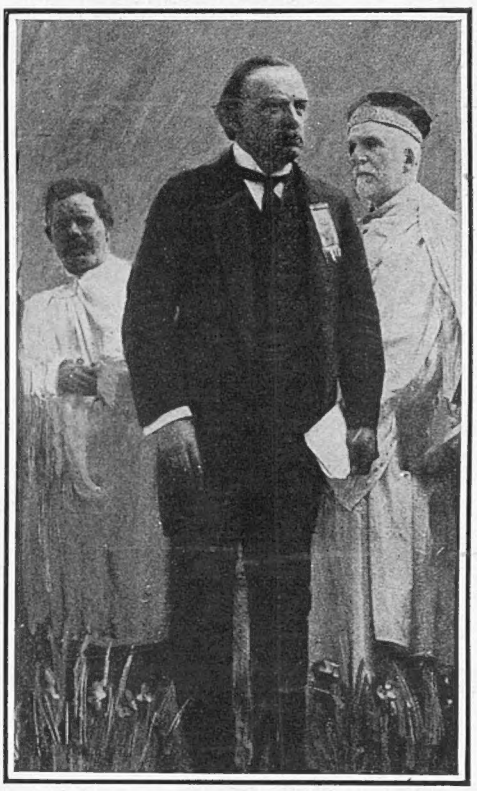
BY THE EDITOR

A Two-Year-Old "Bystander" Query—

NEARLY two years ago—in October, 1914—I invited the London Press to devote some of its energies to rebutting the charge of "treachery" levelled against Britain by the Kaiser, his Chancellor, and every swashbuckling Junker and sausage-eating, beer-swilling old burgher in the German Empire:

"Let the Germans," I wrote, "*prove* treachery against the British nation. To be a traitor it is necessary that you betray. Whom have we betrayed? Germany? But what has there been between the British and the German peoples to betray? . . . Has there not been a continuous diplomatic feud between us? Have not books forecasting an Anglo-German war been turned out by the hundred? Were we not closely united with France and bound to co-operate with Russia? Did Germany not learn after the Agadir crisis that she had to reckon with British co-operation in the event of an attack on France."

And so on and so forth.



"Why should not we sing during the war? Why, especially, should we not sing at this stage of the war? The blinds of Britain are not down yet, nor are they likely to be. (Loud cheers.) The honour of Britain is not dead. Her might is not broken; her destiny is not fulfilled; her ideals are not shattered; she is greater than she ever was. Her influence is deeper; her purpose is more exalted than ever. (Cheers) Why should her children not sing?"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT THE EISTEDDFOD AT ABERYSTWYTH ON THURSDAY LAST

—And Its Belated Echo!

THE bright young gentleman who writes those clever leaders in the *Morning Post* employed on Wednesday last the same arguments with pathetic fidelity, arriving at identically the same conclusions—two years late, but with all the freshness and exuberance of youth. The *Post* was faithfully followed by the *Mail*—how they do seem to hang together in these days!—and now the British public, after a liberal dose of victory East and West, trade war, registration, atrocity, cocaine, dear food, etc., etc., is turning its attention to the Kaiser's lying charge.

The "Treachery" Lie

THE copyright caveat entered, I need now only agree with my belated daily contemporaries. It *is* high time we got to grips with that treachery lie, and as the *Post* exclaims, "If any English Minister gave him (the Kaiser) reason to believe before the war that England would forsake her friends, her obligations, and her interests, let him produce proofs."

What the Germans Always Said

IF there is a thing that has maddened most Britons it has been the persistent dissemination of the lie that they entered the war from any other than the purest and most chivalrous motives, against a Power that was anything other than a consistent and natural enemy. For fifteen years before 1914 there was only one possible war in the minds of the British, and that was a war against Germany. Not because we wanted or intended to attack and to destroy Germany, but because we had been given persistently to believe by Germany's aforementioned sausage-eating, beer-swilling, etceteras, that the Germans meant to destroy us. We had been told over and over again that we were decadent, and played out, and that we had no business to have an Empire, and we were firmly of opinion that at an early opportunity Germany would spring on us.

We "Played the Game"

MOST of us never could understand why our precious Ministers hesitated to put into force natural defensive measures such as were demanded by Lord Roberts. If anybody has been a "traitor" to Germany, it has not been the British people, on whose heads it pleaseth the Kaiser to continue to drop desultory and ineffective bombs. I don't know about our secret, hole-and-corner, shuffling lawyer-politicians, but this I say (in black letters, Mr. Printer please), **THE BRITISH PEOPLE PLAYED THE GAME.** They went to war honestly not against any kind of friend, but against an openly avowed *enemy*. That isn't treachery. It is mere *mannlichkeit*, whose present address is the Somme, France, where it finds us at present.

The Non-Advertising British

A FEARFUL amount of fuss is being worked up over the alleged absence of British war news in neutral and allied countries. For the life of me I don't see what more news they can expect. They get at least as much about what our armies, fleets, and factories are doing—and sometimes a good deal more—

(Continued on page 312)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 311)

than is vouchsafed to the British public. Any attempt to work up an artificial "boom" in British effort would be un-British. If what we are doing isn't obvious to the outer world, then that must be because the outer world is suffering from myopia or some other eye-disease—an affair for oculists, not for busy fighting men and munition-makers.

⁂ ⁂

"Official" News—

If the complaint is of the quality rather than the quantity of our war news that is not the fault of the Press Bureau, whose business is to distribute and not to design the news. Even if more news were given out as to the operations of our gallant armies, it would be of official origin, and it has surely got to be known at last that official news is looked on all over the world as—official news, and makes just as much impression as it does make and no more.

⁂ ⁂

—And What We Really Believe

Everybody knows that the "thrilling dispatch" by our very own special correspondent is written while the official eye looks over the shoulder, and that what is said is what is wanted to be said. The public reads—lethargically—but what it *believes* is what the man in the corner seat heard somebody tell a man at the Club last night that he had heard from a friend just home on leave.

⁂ ⁂

Why Not Sing?

Immediately the news came that whistling for taxi-cabs was to be prohibited after nine in the London streets Mr. Lloyd George went down to Wales and raised the timely question, "Why should we not sing?" Why, indeed! But will the War Secretary indemnify us against penalties if we are had up for singing for a taxi?

⁂ ⁂

Imbecile Consolation

The balance of loss in the last-recorded naval "scrap" is against us, it seems, we having lost two light cruisers to the enemy's one U boat sunk and another rammed. The Navy and the British public, confident in the general strategy of the Sea Lords, is quite able to bear a reverse of this character, and it really does not need to be artificially cheered up by news-placards and headlines which try to represent the losses on both sides as equal, or which take imbecile consolation in the fact that the enemy "ran away." If in the course of "running away" the Huns are able to bag two of our cruisers, then "running away" is evidently good tactics on their part.

The New Siegfried

[*To the Editor of* The Bystander]

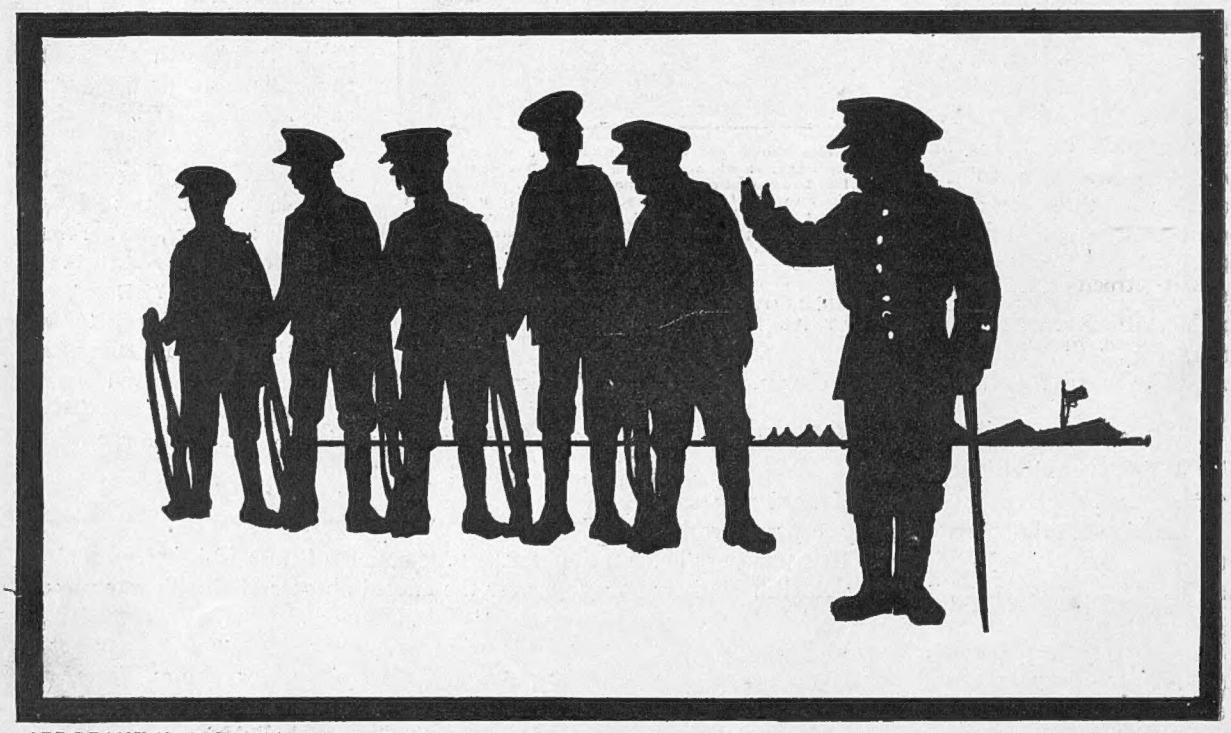
Sir,—"We have to go on beating the Germans until they know they are irrevocably defeated," writes Mr. Lovat Fraser in to-day's *Daily Mail*. "We will talk of an armistice when our troops and the French have passed the Rhine."

Members of both Services will doubtless endorse these ideas, but they would welcome them even more if they were assured that Mr. Lovat Fraser uses "we" in the sense of including himself in the Rhenish operations. It is true that the reference-books disclose the age of this New Siegfried as forty-five, but, then, his predecessor was quite middle-aged when he, after slaying the dragon, made his famous journey. Mr. Fraser's suitability for taking part in the expedition is indicated by the same reference-book, for are not his recreations "visiting islands, fishing, small boat sailing"—all pursuits that might prove invaluable in river operations?

If Mr. Fraser is, for various doubtless excellent reasons, unable to take part in the proceedings which are so necessary as a prelude even to the "talk of an armistice," might one suggest that, in his future allusions to the intentions of the British forces he should use the pronoun "they" instead of "we," and leave it to *them* to name the river across which peace terms will be dictated?

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

August 21, 1916 Still on the Somme.



SERGEANT-MAJOR: "At 500, half-right a tall chimbley, two fingers left, a lone tree..... If you can't see it you 'ad better consult a bloomin' optimist?"

"Filming the Cabinet"

Some attempt to approximate to the usual American "local colour" will, of course, be made (morning-coats, inkstands, and blotting-paper would make but little impression on a public satiated with "thrills")

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *August* 21, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

A BIT more cheerful—that's the latest bulletin in London now. For whether the war's to end this year, next year, sometime, or never we have had some good weeks, haven't we? On the Somme our most gallant men doing wonders against terrific odds and keeping all they've got where so much must be done to gain so very little.

⁂ ⁂

FURTHER afield, the French still heroically pushing; Italy going forward at last, and doing it thoroughly, too; Russia advancing; East Africa nearly clear of Germs; and more than a hint of a move Salonika way, where there's another new Ally on the tapis. The more the merrier, I suppose.

⁂ ⁂

AND the most amusing "silly-season" discussion to divert our minds from things warlike. It's "Should Women Preach?" and really as a provoker of heated language and positively apoplectic armchair rancour it's been quite one of the best we've had for years. It got a good shove-off from the Bishop of London, who started it all by saying they might—within limits, that is. To their own sex and children only, I believe, and if they kept out of the pulpit and the chancel and places.

"Horrid carryings-on . . . the worst on piers"

⁂ ⁂

YOU can't think how annoyed some people were. Came along in mass formation, tongues hanging out, foaming at the mouth, and fairly spoiling for the fray. And mouldy and moth-eaten simply not the word for the arguments they're trotting out.

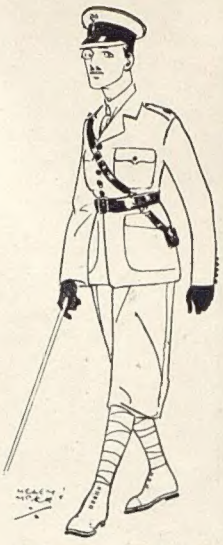
⁂ ⁂

BUT the Bishops' latest efforts are directed on the seaside. Horrid carryings-on, they say, go on there, and the worst things, apparently, on piers. But as I don't go to piers I don't know what.

⁂ ⁂

I'M amused to get a letter from somewhere on the poor dear East Coast, whose troubles we've heard so much about. It's only a very few miles away from one of the most favourite Zep haunts, but "it's fairly swarming here," writes a visitor. "The beach packed with kids, all the huts full, and not a room to be had anywhere. And this despite the Zeps, which dropped bombs galore round —— last week."

APROPOS of war-workers—they're all that, of course, at the seaside now—I don't know, I'm sure, how they're managing riverwards now, the revue ladies and the chorus young women, and all those other fluffy five-feet-of-trouble in the only department of women's work where there's no labour shortage. Since they put Skindles and the "George" out of bounds for khaki, I mean. Our one-star wonders, you see, have done so much to keep the Pleasure-As-Usual flag flying in these and other gay spots. Afraid they'll be terribly missed. But, of course, there's always the blue and gold, isn't there, to keep up the reputation of the Services?



"Brown suède boots are the last scream"

⁂ ⁂

REMINDS me, a quite new gunroom (to me) wants to know at once "the name of the upstart who has dared to criticise and reproach our Blanche, that he may be thrown to the mermaids or suffer 'such other punishment as is hereinafter mentioned.' Of *course*, we are your babelets of the bounding blue (and why not, since in this element the wisest are but as children?), or any other name you may like to call us, so long as you cast us not utterly adrift from you.

⁂ ⁂

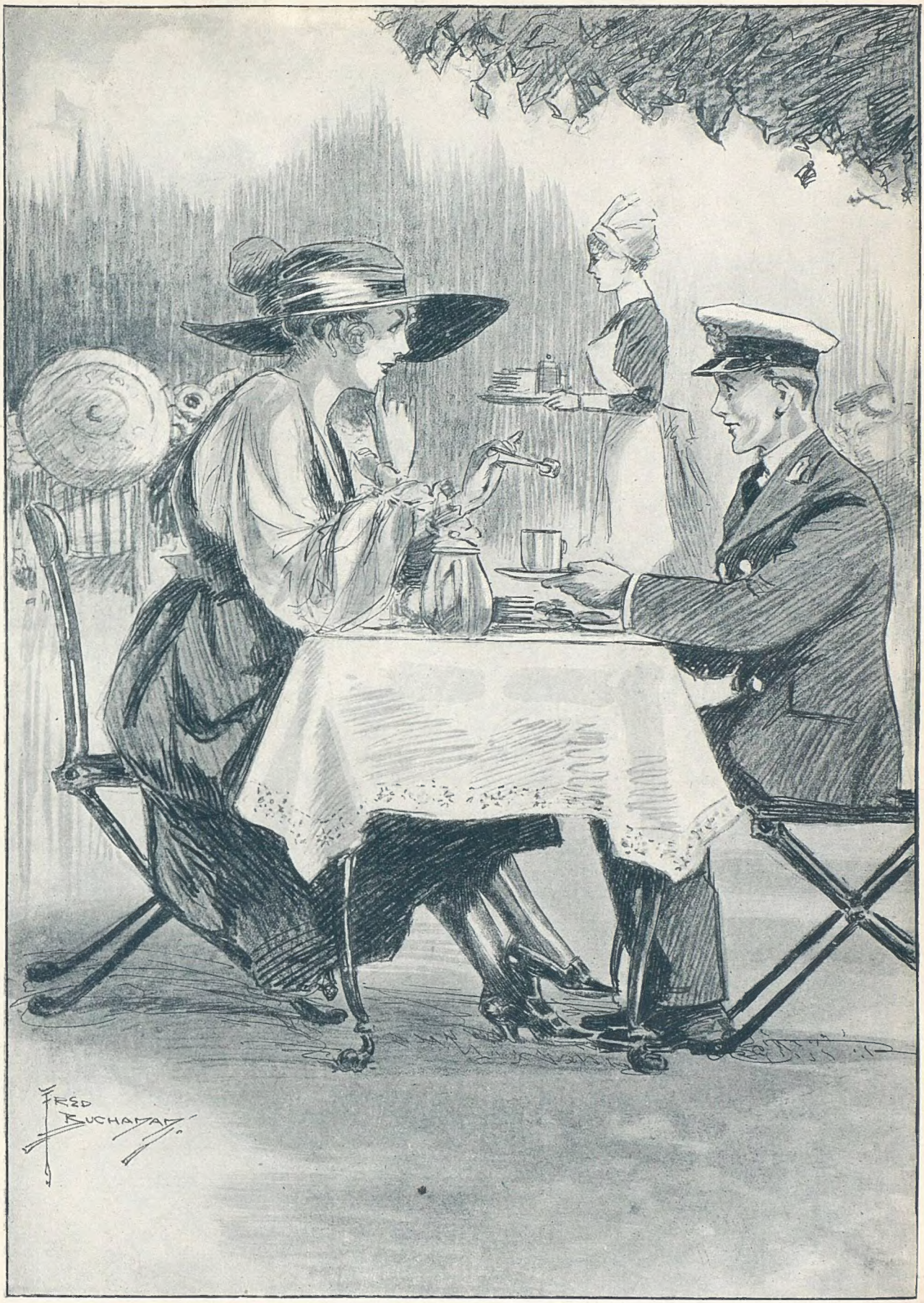
"FOR we are desolated to see that as a mark of your displeasure you have given yourself over entirely to the attentions of the men of the Sister Service. Is khaki, then, so much nicer than blue?

⁂ ⁂

"WE like that last creation of yours, but the whims of fashion change so quickly that we fear we may next see our Blanche clad in the long skirts and full sleeves of a past age. As a sign of your forgiveness have pity on us, and when at last the 'secure' is sounded, give us one more chance to gaze upon those slender ankles—etc., etc."

(Continued on page 316)

"Only a few miles away from one of the favourite Zep haunts"



THÉ — APRÈS MIDDY

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 314)

WELL, that depends on them more than on me, doesn't it? But they are quite right about the fashions—long sweeping skirts of the most unhygienic are bound to come in after the nice short comfy healthy ones that have shocked the prudes and the populace. In fact, in the City of Light—and Paquin and Worth and Lanvin and Doucet and Cheruit and Callot and the rest—there's a rumour already. . . .

⁂ ⁂

BUT it won't be quite just at present, 'cos for very shame we can't do another complete *volte face*—not this side of Christmas, anyway. So if they'll knock out the horrid Germ at the very earliest possible there may still be time for me to celebrate the Day in the very shortest yet. *And* all my regimental badge bracelets and things. Which are beginning to remind me of the man who wrote—"Would there were lips for all my kisses. . . ." Would I had arms, etc., for all my—er—badges.

⁂ ⁂

JUST at the moment in London now it's bits of fur, *plus* two yards of *tulle*, that mostly decorates us. But in August, of course, if you aren't in country serge or tweed or muslin there's only one thing to be, and that is—neat. Coat-and-skirted, or, rather, coat-frocked, as we call it now—always. In a gown out-of-doors—never! These are the unwritten laws, and those who transgress them are legion. They *swarm* in Oxford Street any fine afternoon, and the drapers rise up and call them blessed.

"You can't think how annoyed some people were"

⁂ ⁂

FASHIONS aren't *only* for women, though—as, of course, you've noticed. You'd have to be blind or something not to note how even the soldiermen manage to vary their khaki. Brown *suède* boots are the last scream. *The* thing, I believe, so I'm ashamed to confess that to me they always suggest Bernard Shaw or the Fabian Society, or Jaeger undies, or garden-suburbs, or something.

⁂ ⁂

AND talking of fashions, I wonder if he's set a new one—that wounded Colonial in hospital last week, who in reply to the usual Royal inquiries whether he was comfy and all that, told the Queen "no, he wasn't." And proceeded to detail his wishes, which included more sugar in his tea and more passes-out.

⁂ ⁂

MUST have been a fair knock-out in the way of surprises for H.M., mustn't it? Though once upon a time I believe it was one of the pleasures and privileges of monarchs graciously to receive and consider the humble petitions of their loyal subjects.

⁂ ⁂

ONLY it's gone out of fashion lately—'specially since a certain Duke got in a good hit at a woman who was decorously exercising her subject's privilege not long ago. But amusing, wasn't it, that it should have been an Anzac—those modernists in democracy—to whom it fell to revive so feudal a custom? They're such cool customers, our cousins from overseas, that they not only don't mind asking for things (whether they're in the rules or not), but generally get what they want.

⁂ ⁂

TOO much plain-speaking, however, doesn't go down, even with the men from the Dominions. At a canteen mostly used by Canadians last week the men were discussing with disgust the manner of the Transatlantic hostess in whose great house they are quartered. "One of the rough-and-ready sort, she is," one told me. "Her last was this morning. Came in with some big black grapes, and put us all *nicely* at our ease by shouting out: 'These are only for the hopeless cases!' Nice for the men who got 'em, wasn't it?"

⁂ ⁂

I'M afraid it *has* gone a little to their heads—some of the rich women who've turned their houses into hospitals. A new sensation, you see, for one thing, and to be vested in even brief authority over life and death is also exciting, for another. And when one is very rich one does get so very bored—or, at least, they seem to.

⁂ ⁂

AS a "Society" writer remarked the other day: "One still meets people about town" (!). All the same, the rush out of it's been terrific, and the Court Circular columns read almost like peace-time. "Lord and Lady —— left London yesterday for ——," is the only sort of social news these days, but what it lacks in quality it makes up in quantity.

⁂ ⁂

MOST unfortunate, isn't it, that the urgent and immense need for extra hospital necessaries should just have come at the time when people absolutely *must* go out of town. All the supply depôts, where voluntary workers make swabs and bandages and things, are simply crying out for more help.

⁂ ⁂

FOR such battles as the long and hard and terrible one on the Somme are not fought, much less won, except at a very bitter price. And it's really rather awful to read, side by side with these requests for workers, all the tales about people swarming like flies in all the do-nothing-but-amuse-yourself places.

⁂ ⁂

BUT that's rather the way of woman, isn't it? Those who *are* taking their share are taking rather too much of it. Those who aren't——well, I can't say what I think, so perhaps I'd better say nothing about *them*.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Shells on a Monument

AN AUSTRIAN BOAST THAT HAS REBOUNDED

This, in every sense, imposing column was constructed by the Austrians out of Russian shells which "failed to explode" in those days of the war when the armies of the Grand Duke Nicolas were in retreat from Galicia. The town where it was erected is now again in Russian hands, and those of the defending Austrians who did not surrender promptly ran away too fast to allow of their removing the monument. They found that Russian shells, nowadays, explode with considerable violence!

"Cramming for the Little-go"

SOME REMARKS ON EDUCATION AS IT FINDS US AT PRESENT

By "DOWNWRITER"

I WONDER if the parent of the two youths about to enter for the "Little-go"—otherwise the Cambridge University Preliminary Examination—has yet found the "crammer" in Latin and Greek, for whom he recently advertised in the *Morning Post*. I don't know him from Adam, and have forgotten even his initials or box number, as the case may be, but I still interest myself in him, in his sons, and in the "crammer," who is—or will be shortly—within his gates. They all strike me together, in one, by their supremely preposterous anachronistic fatuity.

FANCY there *being* a "Little-go" in England now! And boys actually preparing to take it and in need of being "crammed" for the purpose in—Latin and Greek! Boys within a year of military age, who this time next August will be in the trenches of Transylvania or Schleswig or Herzegovina, or wherever else the British Empire is then "fighting for its life." These precious months are to be spent in "cramming" their heads with dead languages, when there is heaven knows how much need, in the Army, for a knowledge of live ones. And nobody interferes to stop this gross waste of time and brain tissue.

I "crammed" myself quite recently—yes, at my age!—and I *know*. It was a certain test needful to qualify baldheads for one of the few branches of the Army wherein they may be given commissions, and the subject was one I had never even looked at before. I took the test in six weeks. But if you asked me now a single one of the fifteen questions I answered so glibly, I couldn't answer one at this moment. That is "cramming," and that is the kind of "education" we shall have no use for in the Great Days to come—if any.

ONE reads every day some allusion to the need for a change in education—after the war. But why to goodness not during the war? Don't we want to "start right in" with those new methods by which the Hun, after being finally crushed on the field of battle, is to be re-crushed in the field of trade? Is it proposed to give the Huns—whose youth is now being educated with characteristic fury for the after-war fray—the same old start in the peace-war as we gave them in the war-war? Unless something is done *now* to stop this "cramming for the Little-go" farce we shall awaken to find ourselves as unfitted to meet the enemy in peace as we were in war.

THERE must be many hundreds of thousands of youths of the "Little-go" age at the present moment. In the upper and middle-classes they are being "crammed" with the classics; in the working class they are "cramming" themselves with the proceeds of the admirable pay they are earning in the absence of their seniors. What proportion of them is being, not "crammed," but even lightly injected, with the kind of knowledge that will help in the great after-war struggle that was declared at the Conference of Paris?

WILL 1917—if the war ends then—find a youth any better equipped to fight in the ranks of the economic armies than were the youths of 1914 to fight in the armies of Lord Kitchener? And fitness to fight in economic warfare will require much longer and more thorough drilling than in the other kind. You can learn infantry drill and rifle-shooting in three months. But you can't learn in that time foreign languages and systems of coinage, calculation, measurement, bookkeeping, habits of life, requirements, tastes, prejudices, and all the other things that a trader requires to know about his customer—things the youth of Germany is now learning as hard as the manhood of Germany is fighting. "Cramming" won't do for the Economic War. The things learned will have to be known and put to immediate practical use, not forgotten with the pass certificate.

BUT while there is need for root-and-branch educational reform, which shall actually fit the citizen not for Parnassus or even Paradise, but for the mart, the wharf, the depôt, the mine, the mill, the foundry, and other sectors on the front of commercial warfare, let us guard against the "educationalists." The lines on which the change is to come are for practical men to settle, not prigs.

IT is not for us to sketch our ideal schemes of mind-training, the effect of which may be merely to convert us from practical men into pseudo-philosophers. It suffices to rid ourselves of the flagrant absurdities we see before our very eyes. Let us take a good look at the present system of qualifying examinations, and weed out ruthlessly from them all superfluities. Let "General Knowledge" imply knowledge of things that really matter, not things that don't. To Gehenna with Greek, and to the dogs with superfluous Latin. Those of us that are not booked immediately for the next world, are intended for this one, and not the last.

BRITISH Education stands where it did. It hasn't moved a desultory inch, since the war began, in any of its theatres. Are the pupils at the State-kept schools on the one side, the public schools on the other, taught to understand the news of the day as it comes in the papers? Do they know anything of the countries that are fighting, their past histories and their *true* characteristics as revealed in their literature and art? Or does their knowledge of modern history stop with the reign of Ethelred the Unready?—a monarch who, by the way, must, I think, despite public belief, be permanently enthroned in this country.

"DOWNWRITER"

The True Test of Friendship

YOUNG ITALIAN SOLDIERS INITIATED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF FOOTBALL

SOLDIERS OF GENERAL CADORNA'S VICTORIOUS ARMY

Enjoying a game of football within sound of the guns

A VERY USEFUL-LOOKING TEAM

Note also the ubiquitous English soldier—Kipling's "Sergeant What's-'is-Name"—who, having doubtless initiated the Italian Tommies into the mysteries of the game, supervises, as umpire, the efforts of his pupils

BELLICOSITIES

"LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S Long Cable: Fifteen Miles From the Front." So says the *Evening News* poster. We thought it a bit long when we read it, but surely not quite as long as that!

"WE are once again talking with England," blusters the Hamburg *Nachrichten*, "in good, sound German bomb language." But the trouble is that England long since took the measure of this kind of German bombast, which it has discovered to be indeed "sound"—and very little else.

DISCRETION has laid a chill finger upon the Cologne *Volkszeitung*. "In heaven's name," it quavers, "do not let us sell the skin of the bear before it has been killed." The advice seems specially apposite just now, when it is the bear that happens to be doing most of the killing in its own immediate neighbourhood.

THE Emperor of Austria has decreed that evening-dress is no longer obligatory at audiences. One can well understand his resort to any measures tending to conceal the present "dicky" condition of the Austrian front.

THE Huns are now said to be busily promoting the manufacture of paper clothes. But, in the interests of decency, it is reassuring to learn that even German statesmen will not be permitted to treat garments of this nature as mere "scraps of paper."

THE *Daily Mail* "understands" that the fee paid to Mr. Winston Churchill for some forthcoming articles in a Harmsworth magazine is "the highest ever earned by a writer in the history of British journalism." It means, of course, the highest ever *paid to* a writer in the history, etc.

NEARLY forty million feet of leather, we read, are required for the footwear of our soldiers and that of our Allies, whom we are supplying. And the Hun papers are still attempting to describe the Allied offensive as bootless!

OUR misogynist friend is much perturbed by the announcement that marriages between English soldiers and French girls in Normandy and Picardy continue to increase in number. He says it is so *very* necessary that the good relations between the two races should remain unimpaired after the war.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, the Germans are now in dire need of wool, for which they are mainly dependent on foreign sources. The commercial Hun is being painfully reminded that the Allied nations are not going to let him fleece them any more.

THE conscientious objector who recently remarked to the Lewisham Tribunal "I am in the country because I cannot leave it," seems to have quite overlooked the fact that he was there and then rejecting the offer of a free passage to France.

THE German Government, it is said, are thinking of issuing a formal protest against the Allies' use of sausage balloons, as being contrary to the rules of war. "How," they say, "can a hungry Boche be expected to fight in the face of such ruthless mockery?"

A RUSSIAN *communiqué* states: "Our Scouts took possession of a Turkish gun and wiped out the gunners." In the old days they used to take possession of the gunners and wipe out the guns; but this war seems to be reversing the ancient procedure everywhere.

EX-CROUPIER: "Rien ne va plus!"

Types They Have in the Navy

No. I.—R.N.V.R. AND R.N.R.: PATIENT TOLERANCE

Recruited chiefly from the ranks of enthusiastic yachtsmen, of that particular type known before the War as reckless lunatics, but since discovered to possess certain useful qualities, the R.N.V.R. shown on the left) is none the less, in its origin, strictly "amateur." The R.N.R., on the other hand (right), in whose ranks are some of the finest seamen in the Seven Seas, are professional sailors drawn from the Merchantile Marine. They therefore exhibit that patient tolerance for the R.N.V.R. men which is the natural attitude of the professional towards the amateur. But, when it comes to action, it would be difficult to differentiate between the degrees of thoroughness with which they do their job

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Bystander in Copenhagen

"LITTLE GERMANY"

BYSTANDERS who want a late August holiday, with all the advantages of Kultured society, had best come to Klampenborg, Skodsborg, or Marienlyst, due north of Copenhagen, where the Danish Bystander is spending a few agreeable weeks. These Bystanders cannot go to Germany; but they will find themselves in "Little Germany," for "Lilla Tyskland" is now the German name for the Teutonicised east coast of Zealand Island. There are Germans, German mines, and very stout—and by no means ugly—German ladies, who never get into the salt waves, but sit—particularly in front of Marienlyst's vast hotel—on the sand, and, burying their feet to the ankles, expose all the rest of their bodies (except what red-barred tight tricot covers) to the same hot sun as shines on the Danish Bystander, and once shone on Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. For Marienlyst is Elsinore.

❋

OF the three new capitals of "Lilla Tyskland," the Danish Bystander recommends Marienlyst. Klampenborg is too near Copenhagen; and every evening its Germanity is mitigated by Danish trippers; Skodsborg has delightful beech woods behind with shady walks, also a smooth *plage;* but Marienlyst has both advantages, and Dr. Bodecker as well. Dr. Bodecker comes from the winey Neckar; and he bathes, among beauteous ladies, Germans and Danes, in bright red drawers and nothing else—except a bright pink skin. The decent Danes have not pushed Naked Culture so far, and the Marienlyst Dogberries protested against Dr. Bodecker, but got the sound answer that "*Ich habe schön zwei tausend Mark ausgezahlt*"—which means "I have already spent £100 in your rotten little seaside resort." This converted the Danes, especially as at least another *zwei tausend* is being paid by the Danish Bystander and other lovers of the statuesque and Apollonic for the privilege of watching Dr. Bodecker.

❋

MARIENLYST has a fine casino, and a dance-hall, where, the hotel prospectus says, you "can dance under the playful mask of flirt." There is an enormous hotel with fifty villas all belonging to it, and a magnificent park traversed by an "Avenue of Nations"—chiefly now of one, that is, of THE Nation. The villa Germans in the Avenue of Nations all dine at the central hotel; and the *maître d'hotel*, who cheerfully in order to find the Danish Bystander a table expelled an unworthy Teuton, says that "of 600 visitors to-night, sare, two hundred and fifty are Sherman."

❋

NEARLY all the Shermans here are Shakespeare enthusiasts. The Marienlyst hotel park is practically a little Stratford-on-Avon. There is a statue of Hamlet, with the Prince's name and a crown below; you can see not far off "Olivia's Well;" and there are all sorts of Hamlet walks. The most prominent Sherman, after Dr. Bodecker, is a certain Privat-Docent Fischer—a budding professor—from Berlin, who takes raw German youths, just near service age and ripe for slaughter, on Hamlet walks, and created a sensation by telling them that the statue of Holger Danske, who appears in Hans Andersen's fairy tales, is a statue of Hamlet's father.

❋

THE Skodsborg Germans are mostly middle-class retired persons of private means, who have come to Denmark to get butter and milk. The Marienlyst Germans are all "goulasch barons." Money runs out of them. Their favourite resource seems to be gambling in the rouble, buying it at the Russian frontier for 109 German crowns, and selling it here, for transport to Poland, at 116. I was pointed out an ex-official of the Deutsche Bank who made £60,000 in this easy way. In other respects German energy is a reproach to Britain. There is a "Deutsche Verein," a branch of the Copenhagen league, which drove high politics so zealously that the police had to intervene.

❋

ALSO, there is a German who sells relics of the Battle of Jutland. He speaks Danish of Schleswig-Holstein variety; and offers little wooden boats carved from wood from several "sunken" British Dreadnoughts which are still triumphantly ruling the waves. The Germans in Klampenborg, the third capital of "Little Germany," are chiefly notable for their powerful, melodious voices. Every evening after dinner about twenty march six miles inland towards Lyngby Lake, chanting the *Wacht am Rhein* and other martial ditties, bathe in the lake and tramp chanting back. Last week two were expelled; and rumour says their offence was mingling with melody and bathing the gentle function of spy. Perhaps they dived into Lyngby Lake in search of British submarines.

❋

APART from mines—which you may swim against—there is no flaw in Little Germany. The attractions are many: Germans, bits of sunk British battleships which did not sink, Dr. Bodecker, very good food and high prices, and—sometimes—pretty Danish peasant girls who come to the coast with flowers on their bosoms and thin cigars in their mouths. They gaze steadfastly at Dr. Bodecker in his brief red drawers and ample red skin; and he gazes back at them amorously—as if a pretty girl with a cigar in her mouth was as funny as himself.

A Real Worker for the Wounded

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

LADY PONSONBY

Wife of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary to the King. Lady Ponsonby works hard at the French Red Cross Society's Invalid Canteen for Wounded Soldiers

"Something About Holidays"

BY ONE WHO'S —— OFF!

PROSPECT—Reality—Retrospect. It isn't easy to decide in which of these three forms a holiday presents itself in the most alluring guise. The truly wise man will probably pin his faith to the prospect, as being the only one of the three of which the enjoyment can be reckoned on as a certainty: nothing, in any event, can rob him of the Pleasures of Hope. The reality may be ruined by bad weather: in that case the retrospect is apt to wear a corresponding aspect of gloom. [Try to remember you are writing for THE BYSTANDER, and not for the *Quarterly Review*.—ED.] Sorry, my fault. I'll bear it in mind. As a matter of fact, I hardly ever do write for the *Q.R.*

⁂ ⁂

BUT to look forward to the holidays——! In a hot and dusty office, littered with letters, at that hour when a cup of alleged tea arrives to solace the worries of the day, to rest a moment and soak yourself in the fact that next week—*next week!*—you will be just *sizzling* into the warm sea wave! The tea miraculously becomes drinkable; you even feel a mad temptation to light a cigar after it instead of a pipe. In these days of pen-and-ink penury surely no more is needed to indicate the frame of mind induced by the prospect of the holiday.

⁂ ⁂

HAVING in a long and misspent life learnt to accommodate myself to circumstances, I am at the moment fully convinced that a short holiday is far, far better (sorry about that second "far"—"Jingle's" fault, probably!) than a long one. This is partly because I've only got a week to holiday myself in, and partly from experience of the fact that one undoubtedly does get fed-up with a prolonged holiday. At least, I do. If I play golf, I dash off with two rounds a day and a mixed foursome after tea; play nearly to scratch for a week; and then go incredibly and irremediably stale. If I go fishing—but I *don't* go fishing. If I try a walking-tour, it either rains or is dusty: in either case there are blisters. (Good word, "blister," I always think—he swears of himself, as Count Smorltork didn't say.)

⁂ ⁂

NO. A short holiday's best—even if spent entirely in lazily lobbing pebbles into the sea. The sea has an illimitable capacity, and an apparent liking, for pebbles. It's a nuisance that, where there are plenty of pebbles, the beach is a little uncomfortable to lie down on—no true pebble-lobber ever stands, or even sits, to his job!—and where the beach is soft and sandy there aren't any pebbles to lob. One way out of this difficulty is to take a basketful of pebbles down with you to a sandy beach. But this is heating; and you *may* not wish to be regarded as a lunatic, even though solitude is thereby acquired.

⁂ ⁂

PERSONALLY, I always feel rather sorry for those people who have no holidays. I don't mean slum-dwellers, or munition-workers, or flag-sellers, and that sort. I mean the idle rich, who never work, and so in the nature of things can't get a holiday from it. But if they like to mess about all the year, with nothing to show at the end of it, that's their look-out—for the present. But what about in the "New England," eh? Well, if we wait, we may see.

⁂ ⁂

THERE exist many ultra-sapient persons whose wisdom consists in a fervent belief that whatever anybody else does must therefore be wrong. They allege that other people always take their holidays at the wrong time of year. "August and September!"—say they—"madness! June's the month!" And they would, no doubt, find unsuspected virtues in February or November, if they were pushed off June. For the sapient are always ready to argue. But who wants to argue about—and still less on—a holiday? August and September *are* crowded months. You don't need to argue about that. (Try golf at St. Andrews in August—*infandum!*)

⁂ ⁂

BUT lots of holiday-makers get their main enjoyment from seeing countless thousands of other people doing precisely the same thing at precisely the same time and in precisely the same way as themselves. Have you ever been to a place called Blackpool? It's in Lancashire (I think), and has a tower and a wheel and all that sort of thing. You ought to go, once: if it's only to walk down a deserted sea-front between 1 and 2 p.m., and *hear* a quarter of a million people eating their midday meal! It's an experience. But you won't stop long. At least, I didn't, not desiring to die crushed.

⁂ ⁂

THOSE who like multitude can get it there, and at many other salubrious and saline spots and spas. I'm not a stickler for absolute solitude, but I give multitude a miss every time. I like a place like St. Ives, where I admit my previous remarks about the incompatibility of sand and pebbles to be a washout. Lie there on the sand, in the sunshine, and lob four pebbles an hour into the prismatic waters of the bay, and watch the sweet young things in their bathing-dresses, "runnin' up an' down like flip!" as old John of the boats so mysteriously remarks. Oh, it's great!

⁂ ⁂

WELL, I've tackled "prospect," and some forms of "reality" all right. And as nobody's "looking backward" nowadays except the Germ—— (nearly fell that time! I'm quite determined there shan't be one word about the war in this so-called article)—I'll not bother about "retrospect." Cut it out. Besides, I can't retrospect about it till I've had it, can I?

⁂ ⁂

I FORGOT to say that there *are* people who, inenarrably confident, conspire to combine a holiday with a honeymoon. For them, the prospect may be visionary without the reality proving a mere evanescence; but the retrospect they will assuredly keep to themselves.

F. R. BURROW

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Those Signals

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE VIGILANT ONE: "I say, old chap, what does two green lights and one red one mean?"
RECUMBENT GLADIATOR (just back from leave): "Two crême de menthes and a cherry brandy!"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

PRUSSIA'S

THE HUN IN ASPECTS

(Sketched from life, in

THE LEAN AND THE FAT OF IT

Con Planck's lively sketches of Teutonic Military Types illustrate for us in a very forcible way Brandenburger ; here they are in picture. We are not likely to see them in this country in the

PROUDEST

HUMOROUS AND HUMBLE

France, by Con Planck)

"JUST ARRIVED"

e of the minor horrors of war. Fritz and Hans, Adolf and Franz; Bavarian, Saxon, Prussian or forms; let us hope that we shall, in the future, see very little of them in civilian attire either

The Bystander in Paris

ABOUT NOTHING

"JUST what you *would* write about" was the comment I expected and got. "You are funny people in London. I dined at the Café Royal with my brother once (yes, he paid for the dinner), and although he was annoyed because the waiter thought him older instead of younger than myself, and handed him the bill for that reason, he begged me almost with tears in his voice to remember that I was in London, not to talk with my hands, or to get so excited."

❋

AND yet, really, of course, this super-shyness, which exists everywhere in Britain except in Wales and Ireland, and possibly in some parts of Cornwall where the men get angry when you ask them how their womenkind come to have blue eyes and black hair, really, of course, this super-shyness is a fine thing, and a thing which is helping our Allies more than anybody, except the Germans, knows. I have seen it in all sorts of "places in France," in hospitals sometimes, in unexpected bits of ploughed field often, and most of all, I think, in trains with wounded passengers and a few nurses.

❋

YOU butt into a train like this, and probably before you know it you have fallen over a wounded foot, or touched a hand with shrapnel in it, and have seen a man turn slowly pale. It tugs at your heart-strings a bit because the eyes go on smiling and the lips remain normal, though, perhaps, they may grey-blue a bit at the corner. Then, in quite a low voice because sympathy is the one thing that makes Tommy really angry if there is anyone about, you say, "Sorry, old chap." "Oh, it's nothing," says Tommy. It's that "nothing" which has kept the Germans out of Calais and is driving the Boches back across the Somme. Sometimes, of course, he'll say "It's nothing, sir." Then you must leave that train as soon as you can, if you don't want to be a nuisance, because respect from Tommy means that he considers you as belonging to the officer-class, and a civilian of the officer-class is not a person whom Tommy loves. If you are a pal, *ça va*, as he has learned to say in France. Otherwise—as he has also learned to say in France—"*Napoo*"—he will let you give him cigarettes (and the nurses will smoke these, for Tommy has his special Gasper brand), and

"'E don't say much, 'Aig don't"

if he thinks you'll like it he will fill you up with gorgeously untrue stories about fights he hasn't seen. "The enemy was coming over the ridge, you see, sir, and I, being in Company B——." But we've all had it, haven't we?

❋

I HAVE never met or spoken with General Haig. It may be an idea of mine which is worth—well, worth nothing—but I feel fairly convinced that he is the kind of man one knows best without knowing him, if you take me. Haig is an apostle of the nothing. When one comes to think of it, Julius Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or Cicero—I really don't remember who it was, but it was one of those old gentlemen who annoyed us by over-prolixity at school and whom we have misquoted ever since—made a remark, did he not? about *facta non verba*—nothing in fact.

❋

I HAVE heard one delightful verdict on Haig and his methods. The critic was a wounded Tommy. "'E don't say much, 'Aig don't," he said. "'E don't, so to say, say nothing, but what 'e don't say don't mean nothing, not 'arf, and if he do say something, my Gawd."

❋

NOW, of course, this may not be literature, but it gets there, doesn't it? And, incidentally, so does Tommy.

In France, not Tommy's France, but the home of the French, nothing is more unlike ourselves than the meaning of nothing. It passed away with the War, and emigrated, I am sorry to say, to certain portions of the coal-mining and manufacturing districts on our own side of the Channel. We are abolishing it now, thank goodness. French is a more precise language than ours, so we have no one word in English to translate "*Veulerie*." It doesn't mean mind-sloth only; it doesn't mean inactivity merely; it means a little more and a little less than laziness; it means—well, it means the living incarnation of nothing. It is the shirker's gospel.

❋

IT was the awful thing which lay behind the labour strikes in England, at which our Allies gaped in pained surprise. A doctor might call it a slight form of paralysis. A member of the Government might call it "*Attendez voir*." It was this *veulerie* which made the power in France of Caillaux possible. It was on this *veulerie*—which Germany believed to be poisoning the activities of France, Britain, and Russia—that the Kaiser counted for success. Now you know what it is. It is the disease which makes it necessary for the tub-thumper to thump the tub. It is—well, there's no one word for it in English ——. But we all ought to hate it, Lord Kitchener hated it, the King doesn't like it (do you remember his "Wake up, England"?), and I am pretty sure that the Kaiser and his misguided old "Second" in Austria wish it more power. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Father Neptune's Newest Sons

A PEACE-TIME SEA CEREMONY THAT WAR HAS NOT ABOLISHED

Australian soldiers on board an England-bound transport undergoing the Initiation Ceremony in the mysteries of Father Neptune—the time-honoured custom on "Crossing the Line"

SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY AN ANZAC SOLDIER ON HIS WAY OVER

Straight From the Somme

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS THAT TELL THE TALE

THE SOMME ITSELF—AT PEACE

This pontoon-bridge, built over the river flowing through pretty and peaceful scenery, was blown to pieces by German artillery not an hour after this photograph was taken

"WE HAVE OCCUPIED THE VILLAGE OF . . . . ."

A vivid presentment of the effect of shell fire in a village taken by the French at the beginning of July—nothing but broken trees and wrecked cottages remaining

The Bather—Fair and Otherwise

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke.*

A Hardy Innovation

THERE are many odd things in the world, and this is one of the oddest: that mixed bathing in British seaside resorts should be so recent an innovation as still to shock the more stodgy of the "unco' guid." Indeed, if I am not mistaken, it is still forbidden in some places. You would naturally suppose that the inhabitants of an island would, whenever the wind and weather permitted, rush into the sea with a noise like thunder, regardless of sex distinction. But sea-bathing itself is quite a new thing. In former days, when washing facilities were few and primitive, hardly anyone—certainly no lady—thought of taking advantage of the sea. Can you imagine one of Jane Austen's heroines behaving in so ungenteel a manner? As for Rebecca and Rowena — they would have perished at the suggestion.

❀ ❀

Sweet Simplicity

OF course, bathing costumes had not then been invented. That explains a great deal, including the disfavour with which mixed bathing has been regarded. How could any woman with the slightest pretention to coquetry be expected to exhibit herself to male eyes in the costume patronised by our mothers: a dismal garment of blue flannel bound with white tape, a long tunic, and trousers descending to the ankle? Even Venus would look a guy in such a garb as that. And we all know that Venus, upon the occasion of her historic rise from the sea, appeared in a costume of startling simplicity. Everybody is aware that simplicity is the hall-mark of good taste, but we have not yet got so far as to copy the goddess in that respect. However, there is no telling—if the war keeps on long enough and economy in dress continues to be preached, we may live to see our bathing resorts populated by Venuses. Anyone with a discerning eye can perceive leanings in that direction, and the authorities have taken time by the forelock in forbidding photography along the coast.

"But sea-bathing itself is quite a new thing"

The Bathing German

BUT we have not, I must admit, gone so far as the Germans. The ordinary aspect of a German bathing beach conveys the impression that a herd of crimson turtles have just landed and are disporting themselves upon the sand. An exceedingly well-nourished herd, too—the average German woman could give her English rival a couple of stone and win hands down, at least so far as weight is concerned. And as for colour. . . . An apoplectic red may be the German ideal of beauty, but it is not ours, or it may be that we prefer to display it in our costumes rather than on our skins.

❀ ❀

Unashamed

CERTAINLY there is no lack of colour in the bathing-dress of the present-day—what there is of it. Prudery has gone out of fashion. And, indeed, why should any girl with a good figure be ashamed to show the advantages wherewith nature has endowed her? To do her justice, she is not ashamed. Some, in fact, not aware that art requires a little to be left to the imagination, are only too eager — or else they do not sufficiently realise the dangers of transparency. A light blue or white silk bathing-dress may be a snare, but it is not a delusion — at least, it deludes no one as to the wearer's charms or her lack of them. Excessive frankness is generally a mistake—from the woman's point of view; so much, you see, depends on keeping up harmless illusions.

❀ ❀

Use and—

THERE are many things to be considered in choosing a bathing-dress. First, is it for show or for use? If the latter, something serviceable and not too striking should be worn. The ordinary *maillot* picked out with some cheerful shade has much to be said for it. Nothing could be more becoming to the woman of average size and shape. Of course, outsizes have to be careful, particularly in the matter of colour:

(Continued on page 332)

"Convention does not decree that we shall bathe in stays and stockings"

no one really enjoys being taken for a mooring buoy. Such a misunderstanding may lead to serious discomfort, not to mention rage on one side and embarrassment on the other. And it is just as well to make sure that the colour one chooses is fast. A dye that runs often shows an unaccountable tendency to stick to the skin, and it is not pleasant to go about for days disguised as a green pea or striped like a wasp.

❀ ❀

—Beauty

If the costume be intended merely for show, there is practically no limit to choice, either in cut or fabric. One can ramble up and down the beach in the likeness of a Chinese pagoda or a stray from the Russian ballet. Any kind of fancy dress will do, provided the arms and legs be left bare. In fact, no better or more economical way could be found of using up one's old fancy dress costumes, especially since there will be no costume balls this year. Unfortunately we have not quite so much scope in this respect as we should the other side of the Atlantic, where extravagant bathing-dresses are the order of the day, but the remedy lies in our own hands.

❀ ❀

Prunes and Prisms

But certain advantages are ours. Convention does not decree that we shall bathe in stays and stockings. Lace collars and cuffs, reticules and parasols do not form an essential part of our bathing-dresses. Our beach police (if they exist) do not drag the stockingless maiden from the sands and fine her for outraging public modesty. It may be that we are a hardened, brazen nation, or else our modesty is not of so susceptible a nature; in any case, we are able to look upon a pair of bare legs—particularly if they happen to be shapely ones—without blushing up to the roots of our hair or summoning the nearest bobby.

True Courage

I shall not soon forget the embarassed dismay, tinctured with unholy excitement, with which an inexperienced American of my acquaintance viewed a string of British flappers on their way to swim, "Gee!" he observed as with his eyes starting from his head he rushed after them down to the water's edge, "in the United States they wouldn't be allowed on the beach! Why, they look like chorus girls!" I wondered what he would have said had he been present at a little scene once enacted before my eyes at the Lido. A party of Hungarian pilgrims were going in to bathe, and in full view of the terrace where everyone was having tea the following incident occurred: One beauteous and exceedingly robust damsel, finding that she had put on her costume wrong side before, proceeded quite calmly to take it off and put it on again properly. After all, why not? Is it not the truest courage that having recognised an error at once insists upon righting the wrong? Efemera

THE MORAL

Oh! bathers! delighting the eyes of us all,
Read Efemera's hints, and take heed lest you fall
Into errors of judgment or errors of taste,
Which result in reducing your efforts to waste.

Of illusions we haven't too many to spare:
It's enough that your arms and your legs should be bare;
So *don't* let your dress in our memory stick
As so "rather too thin" that it's "really too thick"!

F. R. B.

"Or a stray from the Russian ballet"

The Pariah

SUNDAY ON THE BATH ROAD

The only Munitioneer who doesn't own a Ford car

THE HOME COMING

By C. STARR JOHNS

FROM the lift to the entrance of Captain Gerald's flat was only some twenty paces, yet it took some five minutes for the two men to cover the distance.

Dick Gerald, the famous London surgeon, had his arm round his brother's shoulder. In quiet, persuasive tones he tried to soothe the latter's outbursts.

"It's all right, old man, it's all right, don't worry, I have explained the whole thing to Kathleen." But the other would not be satisfied, and kept repeating the question:

"Are you sure she knows, Dick, are you sure she knows?"

"Quite sure," said his brother, "but if you like I'll slip in first and prepare her." He rang the bell.

It came almost as a shock, when the door was opened by a bright-faced maid. He had expected that Kathleen herself would have been there waiting impatiently.

"Where's your mistress?" he asked quickly.

"She's not at home, sir."

"Not at home; didn't she receive my wire?"

"No, sir; a telegram came after she had gone out."

"Do you know where she has gone? Did she leave no message?"

"She left no message, sir. Mr. Hunt called for her at about six."

Dick Gerald returned to his brother.

"It's too bad, old man," he said, "that cursed post-office must have dawdled over delivering my wire, and Kathleen has gone out. You must blame me for that, too, as I told her to get as much amusement as possible, so as to lessen her unhappiness. Now come in and I'll get you to bed as soon as possible."

Again his arm slipped round his brother's shoulder, and supported him as he entered.

"How are you feeling, old man?"

"Fairly done up, Dick—but I wish Kathleen had been here."

"Oh! she won't be long now. She is almost sure to be back before you get to sleep, and I will wait until she comes."

At five minutes to twelve Dick Gerald still waited. He sat in a low armchair drawn up in front of a dying fire. Every nerve in his body was tense with anxiety and apprehensive questioning. Every sense was on the alert for the sound of his sister-in-law's return or the waking cry of his brother. He kept looking at the clock as though seeking in its blank round face the reason for Kathleen's absence. It was inexplicable, unless he chose to apply reasons, the very thought of which caused him to shiver. A clock chimed the half-hour after midnight, and for the first time since he had sat there Dick Gerald noticed the musical note. A voice cried out in the next room, and he sprang to his feet.

Making his way swiftly to his brother's bedside he bent over him. "Well, old chap, what is it?"

Captain Gerald moaned fretfully: "Isn't Kathleen back yet?"

"Not yet, not yet; how could she be? She has most probably gone to a theatre, and they are not over yet."

"What time is it?" asked his brother. Dick Gerald moved to the night-light on the mantelpiece. With lightning rapidity he switched the hands of his watch to half-past ten, and carried it with the light to his brother's bedside.

"See for yourself, Ronald; it's only just half-past ten."

Captain Gerald looked, and turned his face from the light, and his brother saw with renewed compassion the terrible scars which had practically obliterated half of his brother's features. When he was sure that the patient was again sleeping he returned to the arm-chair in which he had spent the best part of the evening. But now those thoughts which he hated, which he had refused to consider, returned with irresistible vigour. He began to grow cold with the intense conviction that something was wrong, very much wrong. He had never really liked his sister-in-law. His great knowledge of human beings, his understanding of various temperaments had always been a bar to complete trust of Kathleen. With a tremendous effort of will he dismissed her from his thoughts and let his mind recur to his brother. He remembered a hundred incidents of their childhood when he, as the elder, had led the way into countless little difficulties and scrapes, and for which he had always taken the blame. Then, as they grew older, all through their school days they had always been together; each apparently finding in the other the complement of himself. Even when they had arrived at manhood and adopted different professions they still continued to share each other's lives to as great an extent as was possible. Until Ronald had married, their affection for each other had been the strongest thing in both their lives. He could not say how it would have been, had Kathleen had undisputed possession of her husband for any number of years, for the war had caused such an upheaval in their lives that no ordinary judgment could suffice to explain this and that incident. Again his thoughts came back to the question of where was Kathleen? He hoped against hope that some accident had prevented her return, but in his heart of hearts he knew that he feared a far more piteous obstacle.

Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, and he still sat there staring with fixed eyes and a face white with suppressed rage into the dead blackness of the fire. His hands in front of him with their strong, tapering fingers twisted and untwisted. His knuckles gleamed white. Every now and then a little convulsive shudder would twitch him from head to foot. His mouth was dry and parched, and his throat was drawn with a tense muscular effort to prevent himself from screaming curses at this woman, whom he was beginning to loathe by instinct rather than by any logical reasoning. He acknowledged to himself that there might be a thousand reasons why she did not

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 336)

Bewitching

A fascinating photograph of Miss Dorothy Ward as "The Blue Witch," in the Blue Scene of "We're All In It!"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 334)

appear, and yet he knew there was but one, one which seemed to him as black and damnable as he could imagine. Once he realised that he was grinding his teeth impotently and that his eyes were aching consumedly from staring at nothing. He pulled himself together and stood up, walking up and down the room with long, nervous strides. The awful thought of what must occur in the morning when his brother woke again caused him terrible anguish. He could see no way out, could discover no plausible story, could invent no lie to set the wounded man's heart at rest. He groaned a little, and then stood still and listened. A taxi-cab had pulled up in the street below. He found it impossible to move, and stood there just within the room with hands clenched and nails digging into the flesh, shivering slightly.

A key turned in the front door, and he heard a woman's voice saying quietly: "No, no, Bobbie, come and see me to-morrow, or, rather, to-day, and don't forget my purse. It's on the corner of your dressing-table."

He heard the door close again, and stepped outside with his fingers to his lips, enjoining silence. His sister-in-law looked at him quickly, searchingly, and he read with almost morbid satisfaction the sight of naked fear in her eyes. Her fingers sought her mouth for one brief moment, and then she said:

"What are you doing here, Dick?"

He hardly recognised his own voice as he answered: "Waiting for you, Kathleen." She pushed past him into the room, and he noticed that she turned her back to the light as she stood and faced him.

"Is he here?" she said. "Have you brought him without telling me?"

"He is here, and I sent you a wire, but you had gone out, it appears."

"Yes, Mrs. Clement called for me, and she was taken ill, and I couldn't leave before."

He looked at her with eyes that fairly blazed. "You liar!" he said.

"What do you mean, Dick?"

He swung round with a quick gesture. "Look at yourself in the glass, look at yourself, and then dare tell me you were at the side of a sick woman. Think I'm a fool? And another thing—you said 'Good night' in too loud a voice. Presumably it was Mrs. Clement who brought you home. I didn't know before that her name was 'Bobbie.'"

She couldn't keep her hands still, they fumbled at her mouth, her throat; then suddenly she fell on her knees and threw her arms round his legs.

"Dick," she gasped, "Dick—it's true, but my God, Dick, I couldn't help it, I couldn't help it. It's the first time, Dick, and I don't love him, I don't love him, I love Ronald."

He looked at her in almost blank amazement. "You love Ronald," he repeated.

"Yes," she gasped, "I do, oh! I do. It shall never happen again. Dick, I swear it."

For a full five minutes the surgeon stared into the eyes upturned to his, and then with a little break in his voice he lifted her almost gently to her feet.

"Perhaps," he said slowly, "we men do not quite understand."

She sobbed on the sofa as he stood over her. His voice was very quiet and had lost the horrible tension caused by rage.

"You shall have another chance," he said, "one more. Now listen to me carefully. You will say that, when you returned soon after eleven I would not allow you to risk waking Ronald, and that you had to sleep in another room, or perhaps it would be better if you said—tried to sleep in another room, but that your delight at his return kept you awake. I will do my part and lie for you, but by God! if you once give a sign of infidelity, if you once allow Ronald to see a single twinge of horror, of fear at his scarred face, unless you, with your woman's guile, satisfy him that he is the man you love better than everything else in the world, I'll make you pay for it. That's all, and now get away and slip into some dressing-gown and be ready to go into him when he next wakes."

When he was alone he put his hand over his eyes and held himself very erect. "It was the only thing I could do," he muttered.

. . . . . .

The morning sun streamed through the window as Dick Gerald drew the curtain of his brother's room. He looked at the man in bed and the unshattered side of his face was uppermost. Then he motioned to Kathleen. "Go and kneel by the side of the bed, so as to be there when he wakes."

His sister-in-law flung herself down, and he saw her eyes dilate with unspeakable horror, as she caught sight of the scarred face she had not seen before. And then a wild hysterical cry burst from her lips, but before she could repeat it his hand was over her mouth, and he dragged her across the room and flung her out of the door. He stared at the bed: his brother had not waked. As he bent over him his lips drew into a thin line, his hand felt for his brother's heart, and five minutes later he walked to the door and stood for a moment looking down at the still moaning hysterical woman.

"You may shriek your loudest now, for you will never awaken him."

C. STARR JOHNS

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Dunlop: Well, remember, when the time comes, that you are not compelled to re-tyre with imported tyres. I make tyres in all the principal foreign sizes—and better tyres than anyone else, too.

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The Seaside Peep Show

by Jingle

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE Government has appealed to the nation to forgo any idea of a summer holiday. The railways, which are understood to be under Government control, continue to spread broadcast alluring pictures of "woods and steepy mountains," or appealing vistas of a lazy emerald sea. And these posters are headed, presumably with the concurrence of the Government: "Go to —— (as the case may be!) for Your Holidays." This is the sort of thing that makes you wonder whether the Government is running the railways or whether the railways are running the Government.

*

I HAVE been given to understand, however, that most people have decided to respect the Government's direct appeal, and to ignore its indirect temptation. It is claimed that those of our adult population who are to be seen just now in those favoured spots "where the broad ocean leans against the land" are there, as at the Christmas pantomimes, for the sake of the children. Yet they tell me that at many of our popular seaside resorts the Summer Girl is in her usual form, even though she be doomed from the nature of things to waste her sweetness on the desert sands. Perhaps, however, she has only herself to blame for this catastrophe, since by common consent she might be better employed in joining the ranks of her greater-minded sisters who are doing their country's work.

*

THERE is a legend that in the absence of the Summer Youth, who is very much otherwise engaged, the Summer Girl (and even the irrepressible flapper!) has this season marked for her prey the staid old boy of middle age who has come to the seaside chiefly for rest and regular meals—especially the latter. It seems that men who have long since numbered the seaside flirtation among the perfumed memories of a vanished youth, now find themselves positively in demand. The fair and haughty Girl who had summed you up long ago as an old fogey, is now compelled, from sheer dread of getting out of practice, to hint that, after all, a man is as old as he feels, and that there is as much to be said for a man who was, as for one who never may be. It is a disturbing position for the family man whose mature bosom is still responsive to the call of romance. I mean, the merest charity compels you to reply that you have always led a single life, because you have never met a woman above the ordinary run of her kind; but, looking into the depths of the Summer Girl's eyes, you have found the Light at last. They say there are women—and not all of them very young, either—who will accept transparent nonsense of this kind as the most obvious form of truth that has yet presented itself to them.

"Even the irrepressible flapper"

"I shall volunteer for the job"

*

MYSELF, I am no lover of the "voiceful sea." Heaven in its wisdom has denied me the faculty of being able to stroll aimlessly along the conventional "front," greeting old acquaintances and—looking out for new ones. The little I know of the sea has been mostly learned from the deck—or far more frequently, the secluded cabin—of a packet-boat or liner, and the knowledge is not such as I care to go out of my way to seek. Just before the

(Continued on page 340)

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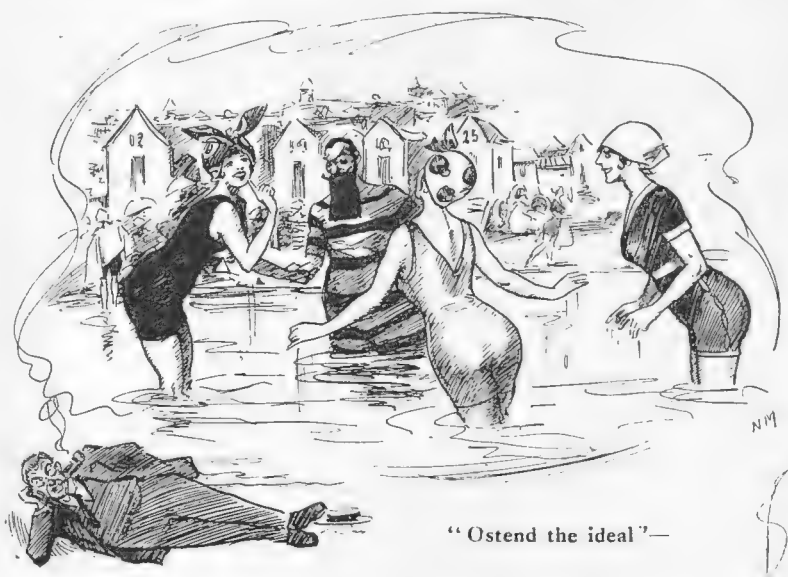
THE SEASIDE PEEP SHOW (concluded from page 338)

war, however, I found myself strolling along the shore of a Continental seaside resort, and one of the features of the spot was a policeman whose "beat" was in the sea itself. Clad from head to foot in oilskins, it was his duty to stroll among the bathers and occasionally remind the lighter hearts that a dutiful respect for the conventions is not to be sneezed at, or words to that effect. This scene comes back to me as I remember that I have been a sort of policeman myself for nearly two years, and have so far qualified for



"Ostend the ideal"—

that dismal industry that I have lately increased the size of my walking boots. If, after the war, it should be decided to introduce the seagoing policeman as an institution in this country, I think I would be disposed to volunteer for the job. Having been a ranker for so long, I should like to feel that I was entitled to some of the plums of the profession. To say nothing of the peaches.

❀

It was on the seashore of which I speak that the authorities one day decided to prohibit the use of private tents for bathers. This was done at the instance of the local bathing-machine contractor, who found the competition too much for him. I was chatting with my seagoing policeman one morning, when a bevy of young women trooped out of a neighbouring factory, and crossed the sands to where we stood. They had no hats, and were barefooted, but their long black frocks were decorously neat; and my policeman suggested that they had probably come down to the shore to paddle for awhile. One of the young women approached the policeman, and asked if it were permissible to bathe at that point. He replied that one could bathe anywhere provided one hired the bathing-machines which were at the disposal of all. The young women set up a joyous laugh of derision, and scampered into the sea just as they were. It then became clear—the wetted garments emphasised the revelation—that the long, subdued-looking frock that each of them wore was a complete bathing outfit that had been purposely assumed for this little trip. My companion was obviously puzzled by the contingency that had arisen. There was nothing in the local bye-laws to forbid people walking into the water in their ordinary attire; and it is not for a mere policeman to dictate to a lady as to what supplementary garments she shall wear. Consequently when the laughing creatures finally emerged from the surf and raced back to the factory, my policeman could do no more than helplessly shrug his shoulders and appeal to me to tell him what one could do with *gamines* like that.

❀

News that comes from the various seaside resorts of this country seems to indicate a season of unusual prosperity. Perhaps, after all, this is as it should be. Holiday-making is a complicated industry, and, like theatrical productions, gives employment to a large number of people. If the theatrical manager is encouraged to "carry on" for the sake of the employées dependent on his enterprise, why should not the seaside hotel-keeper come under the same rule? And then there are the hosts of lesser "homes from home" that afford a livelihood to thousands of small caterers. We ought to assume that all who visit the seaside at the present time are those only for whom no war-work can be found. And in these darker days the people who can make a public show of their contentment and happiness are not without their value as a moral tonic to the rest of the community. I met the other day a distant lady relative in deep, deep black. By her side was a merry, curly-headed little girl of seven or so, with high spirits that absolutely declined to be damped by any sort of catastrophe whatever. The happy child laughed aloud as she explained to us that she was teaching her dolly to dance upon the green; and, as her mother said significantly: "If it were not for her. . . ."

❀

In its happier days I saw much of Ostend, which, like Glasgow, is

—"And the real"

such a nice place because there are so many facilities for getting away from it. I imagine that there is not much hilarity on the famous Digue to-day. Indeed, it was a pretty dismal place in the autumn of 1914 when the lad Morrow and I left it rather hurriedly on hearing that the Germans wanted Ostend for their private use. In its gayest seasons Ostend had plenty of German visitors, and some of them are probably there yet. But this time they will be in uniform, as they are no longer under the tiresome necessity of having to try and pass for gentlemen. JINGLE

After the Second Lesson

The sketch beneath is a second lesson study by a Pupil—an Officer in the Army. When I asked permission to put it here, he actually "thanked me for my kindness" and described my Course as being "the most practical, up-to date and efficient Drawing Course extant."

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THE CRITIC'S CORNER

IF WE WROTE WHAT WE REALLY MEANT!

In the course of a fairly varied and extensive experience of London, its different sets, its amusements, and its interests, I have sometimes thought how refreshing it would be if only one could write exactly what one thought about persons and things. So far as I know, the experiment has never been tried. A paper that tries to win a name for being entirely candid usually harnesses with it a not wholly undeserved reputation for unfairness, and even blackmail. So that in the end the paper merely ends by becoming a more or less disreputable "rag."

On the contrary, my paper's first care would be to remain above suspicion and above reproach. It would never, under any circumstances, deal with the private life of people in the public eye; it would only treat of them as they presented themselves to the public—to be precise, in their public capacity. Every contributor should initial his article and take full responsibility for what he wrote. Moreover I, as editor, should expect him to be able to justify his opinions, if necessary, by some show of reason. Mere prejudice would be *tabu*. I would have no disappointed dramatist turned critic attacking a successful playwright just out of *pique*. I would have no disgruntled politician going for the Prime Minister because he once failed to get into the Cabinet. Intellectual honesty would be the creed to which the whole staff would have to subscribe—in praise as well as blame.

Doubtless such a paper would fail to live up to its ideal. Human nature is frail, and envy and malice are powerful devils. But I think that, in the main, the idea is a feasible one. We should never pontificate or try to lay down the law; we should just write as frankly and freely as two men talk together in a club. An opinion would be an opinion, no more, no less. We should paint in bright colours, that is all, instead of in the muddy browns and timid mauves fashionable to-day. Thus our criticism of almost any new revue would probably read something like this:

"On Wednesday the Blank Theatre produced a new entertainment as nearly like the last one as possible. The same composer wrote the same kind of rag-times (some of them quite jolly, by the way), the same stage-manager repeated the same kind of effects, the same beauty-chorus posed in the same kind of frocks, and grinned in the same kind of way at their friends in the stalls. Miss A., who is always good, was quite wonderful this time. It was, perhaps, as well, because no other female member of the cast showed any talent at all. Stage talent, that is to say. Of personal talent there is a good deal. For instance, Miss B., who can neither dance nor sing, and is not, I think, really pretty, managed to appear amazingly attractive at times. Again, Mlle. C., a well-known Parisian *cocotte*, wore her dresses in a manner that might make any honest woman envious, etc., etc."

Now at least these perfectly frank remarks could never be dull. People would almost certainly be found to disagree with some of them. Very well. They could write and say so, and the critic would have to reply. But, at any rate, that fatuous, mealy-mouthed half-praise which characterises most modern journalism would be absent. Praise from my paper would be praise indeed, because my paper would dare really to blame. Present-day praise is not so much praise as the easiest way to say something about somebody. You cannot have praise without blame, any more than you can have darkness without light, or pleasure without pain.

From what I am told London has gradually been getting more and more reluctant to call things by their right names. Twenty or thirty years ago there seem to have been papers that dared to speak their minds frankly, though it is doubtful, perhaps, if they reached the standard of honesty and incorruptibility that I should consider absolutely essential to my paper. On the Continent, too, you find plainer speaking—as well as other compensating defects which had better be passed over in silence. The fact of the matter is that our present-day middle-class civilisation is suffering from a surfeit of "good taste," a virtue all very well in its way, but exceedingly harmful when made a fetish of. A generation that shrinks even from the obvious truths of the marriage-service is in real danger of being choked with its own delicacy. Unwillingness to face facts and passion for compromise are the two corner-stones of modern suburbia—as if anyone could ever escape from nature, or the good could ever compromise with the bad! We sadly need a little aristocratic or democratic (the two in this respect are identical) intolerance with what we do not like. Otherwise we can have no moral justification for liking at all.

The only two objections that I can see to my scheme are, firstly, that the laws of libel seem to be deliberately aimed at crushing it; secondly, that there are not enough journalists of the right kind to carry it out. Which of the two is the more insuperable I leave it to the interested reader to judge. But laws have a curious way of changing in the course of time, Heaven alone knows quite how or why, and even journalists are amenable to education. So that I refuse to despair, and in the meantime I shall continue, with the kind permission of the Editor, to carry out my principles, if only in part.

F. T.

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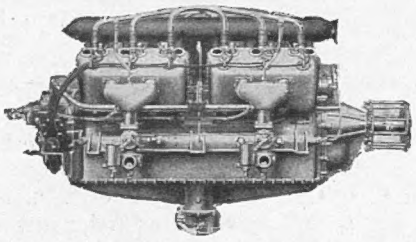

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Books of the Week

A NOVEL AND SOME REMINISCENCES

Views—

In peace days, particularly at this time of the year, it used to be the fashion for the newspapers to start a "silly season" discussion about any amount of silly subjects. One of them, of course, was the sea-serpent (who knows, by the way, whether our old friend was not a Hun submarine in disguise?), and another used to be the dreadfully immoral novels which the libraries took pleasure in banning—in war-time we call it censoring—and which the naughty public took pleasure in buying. Mr. Robert Hamblin's new book, *The Second Harvest* (Long: 6*s.*), has for its hero a blameless gentleman called Charlcote, who has written a number of such novels and been duly banned and made a large fortune thereby for himself. Mr. Charlcote, however, does not live up to the pagan views in his books. He is not treated well in the town where he lives, and migrates to Somewhere in the Midlands, there to make a friend of a youngster who worships his views as printed, and to marry a girl who possibly admires these same views rather more than she admires their author.

—And Reviews

And then, as you expect from the title, Mr. Charlcote finds that he does not really like his own books at all. He begins to entertain ideas of a very different kind, the sort of ideas they are, with which the respectable B. P. has always been, outwardly, at any rate, in warm sympathy. And this change, of course, leads to trouble. His friend and his wife take matters into their own hands. Poor Mr. Charlcote! He is a little difficult to believe in, a fact which is possibly nobody's fault but Mr. Hamblin's. The novel, however, is undeniably interesting, and written with care, and there are choice bits of character which bear remembering.

Reminiscences

The third volume of Mr. L. A. Vizetelly's reminiscences has a particular interest at the present moment when the Allies are in process of materially altering the histories of the Central Empires and their satellites. *In Seven Lands* (Chatto and Windus: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) he records his adventures in Germany at a time when that country was slowly becoming its modern arrogant self, and in Austria when the old Emperor was experiencing some of the greater of those many family tragedies which have dogged his steps for more than half a century. There are also pictures of Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and the illustrations largely belong to the period with which they deal. Mr. Vizetelly knows what will interest his public, and his latest volume shows that *le petit homme rouge* has lost none of his cunning.

R. S.

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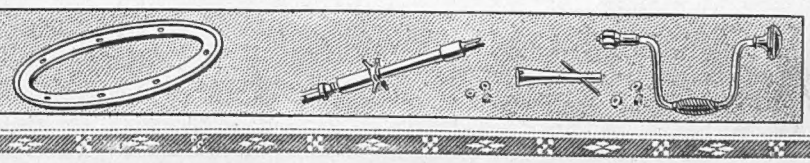
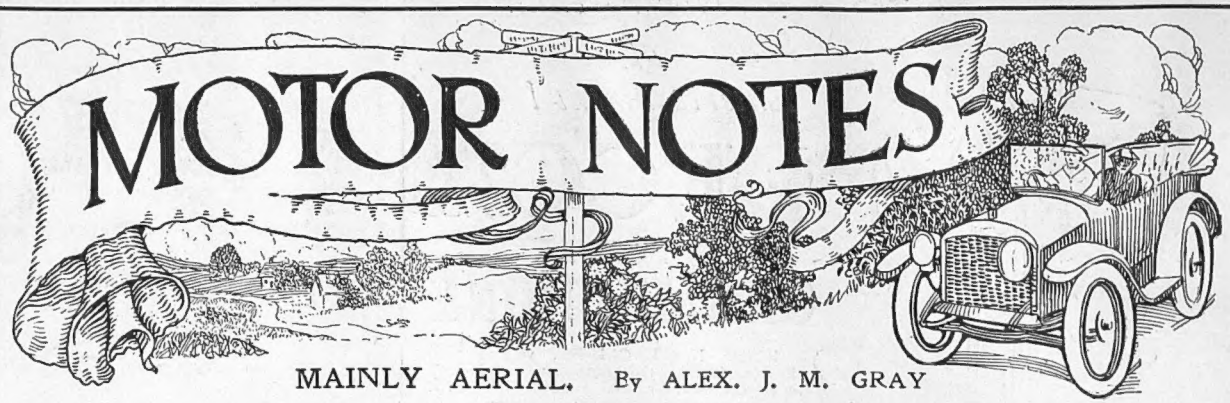




MAINLY AERIAL. By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

More Triplex Sight-Saving

From Triplex Safety Glass a further packet of photographic evidence in support of the claims of this glass to be among the highest utilities and best investments, particularly for the air services I have already given cases out of my own knowledge where sight certainly, and life probably, was saved because the pilot happened to be wearing Triplex goggles when the ground hit him. An almost exactly similar case is now sent me in the form of a letter from another Flight Sub-Lieutenant R.N., dated July 1. A misjudgment in landing brought the machine nose on to the ground. It turned turtle, and was completely smashed. The pilot's head went through the top plane on to the ground. "If I had not been wearing Triplex goggles," he concludes, "I would certainly have lost the sight of my left eye, perhaps my life." The photograph of the goggles is eloquent. So are two others of an 8-ply bullet proof bit of Triplex showing the impact of a bullet from a German service rifle at 25 yards. "The back of the glass is perfectly smooth, and you can pass the hand over it without feeling the cracks." Splendid. The moral is that if Triplex glass is not used in every service connection possible, it jolly well ought to be.

* * *

The Air Inquiry

Talking of aviators, the Committee appointed to inquire into the charges made by Mr. Pemberton Billing against the aerial wing of both Services have issued an interim report. They find that in not one of the cases cited by Mr. P. B. in support of his famous murder indictment is the fact established as alleged. That is satisfactory to the extent to which the Committee's findings adequately cover all the facts of each case. We have to assume the inquiry was as exhaustive as it could be in the circumstances; but we also have to assume that Pemberton Billing, whatever his passion for publicity, did not deliberately manufacture his charges out of the bare fact of each pilot's unfortunate death.

Some Ifs

At any rate, P. B. knows something more of flying than any member of the Committee, and probably quite as much of the *personnel* of the Air Services. Out of that knowledge, and from information supplied or gathered subsequent to each incident, he felt himself justified in concluding that the system was wrong. And if, as the Committee admit, machines which had been condemned by the French six months before were being experimented with by us six months after, the system was most certainly wrong. If men are sent up on machines known to be dangerous, when other machines not so dangerous might have been available if those responsible had been fully alive to the requirements of the case; and if those men were killed, that constitutes a very serious charge against those responsible. And if less dangerous machines than ours were available to the air services of other countries but were not available to our men, that also is a grave reflection upon Authority,

* * *

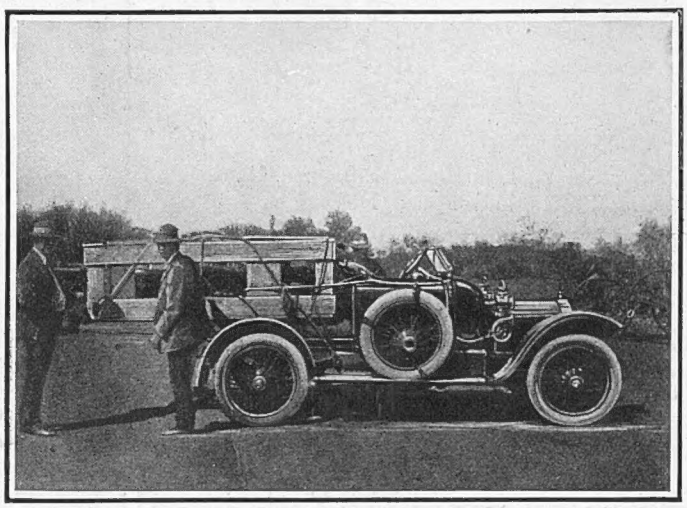
To the Devil His Due

That, in essence, was the case the Committee had to investigate. They were not required to offer explanations of the "we were in the transition stage and must make allowances" order for any seeming deficiencies in the system. The point is, were we doing as much as the most advanced nation in the matter of aeroplane construction, or were we using and manufacturing machines which the most advanced nation had definitely condemned and scrapped? Pemberton-Billing may have elaborated his language and overdrawn his conclusions; but, at any rate, his insistence upon questions of the air did assist to speed-up matters in a department where speeding was, apparently, quite urgently required. I have no great affection for P. B., but I cannot withhold from him that amount of credit which is certainly his due.

* * *

Beating the Air

"Owen John" wants a new motoring organisation. I gather he regards existing bodies as pretty poor confidence tricks, or as societies which "do nothing in particular and do it very well." O. J. has been saying much the same sort of thing for years. Once his own journal started a new organisation, which died very rapidly. The fact is that motorists deserve the Government they get. If that Government is as bad as O. J. would have us believe the fault is with the electors. O. J. is really grumbling at the apathy of those electors. He growls at the officials as if they were the evil doers. Adequately interpreted, however, he is telling the motorist who pays two guineas or some such sum every year that he (the motorist) is a fool, and not getting his money's worth. The answer is that if the motorist is such a fool there is no reason to suppose he will be any different in a new organisation. New men are not made by forming societies of old fools.



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